

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION
AND
PRIVACY ACTS

Subject: Alfred Sarant

File Number: 65-1664-A

Section:

Vol. 10

Serials: 1A93 - 1A95



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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FILE DESCRIPTION

ALBANY FILE

SUBJECT SARANT

FILE NO. 65-1664 A

VOLUME NO. 10

SERIALS 1A93

thru

1A95

File No: 65-1664A Re: ALFRED SARANT

INVENTORIED BY KDC

REVIEWED BY 141
Date: _____
(month/year)

U. S. Department of Justice

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FEDERAL BUREAU

INVESTIGATION

Power : File Number

Volume Number
Serials 1993

Ex. 169 No. 65-1664

65-1664 A

ALFRED SARRANT

ESP

7/20/50 65-1664-1A93 Microwave Transmission Design Data Book marked
Confidential #4964 "Sperry" (Red leather cover)
1A94 14 miscellaneous photos.
1A95 1 five page letter dated 10/4/49 signed "Batch",
(Betty Sanders)

65-1664 A-1A

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JAN 1 1950	
FBI - ALBANY	

Date Received 7-20-50

From A. Sarant
(Name of contributor)

Threads
(Address of contributor)

By
(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes
No

Description:

1 "Microwave Transmission Design Book marked Confidential
4964 - Sperry

File No. 65-1664-1B2 (2) 1A93

7-20-50

8

Designated Sperry

Date Received 7-20-50

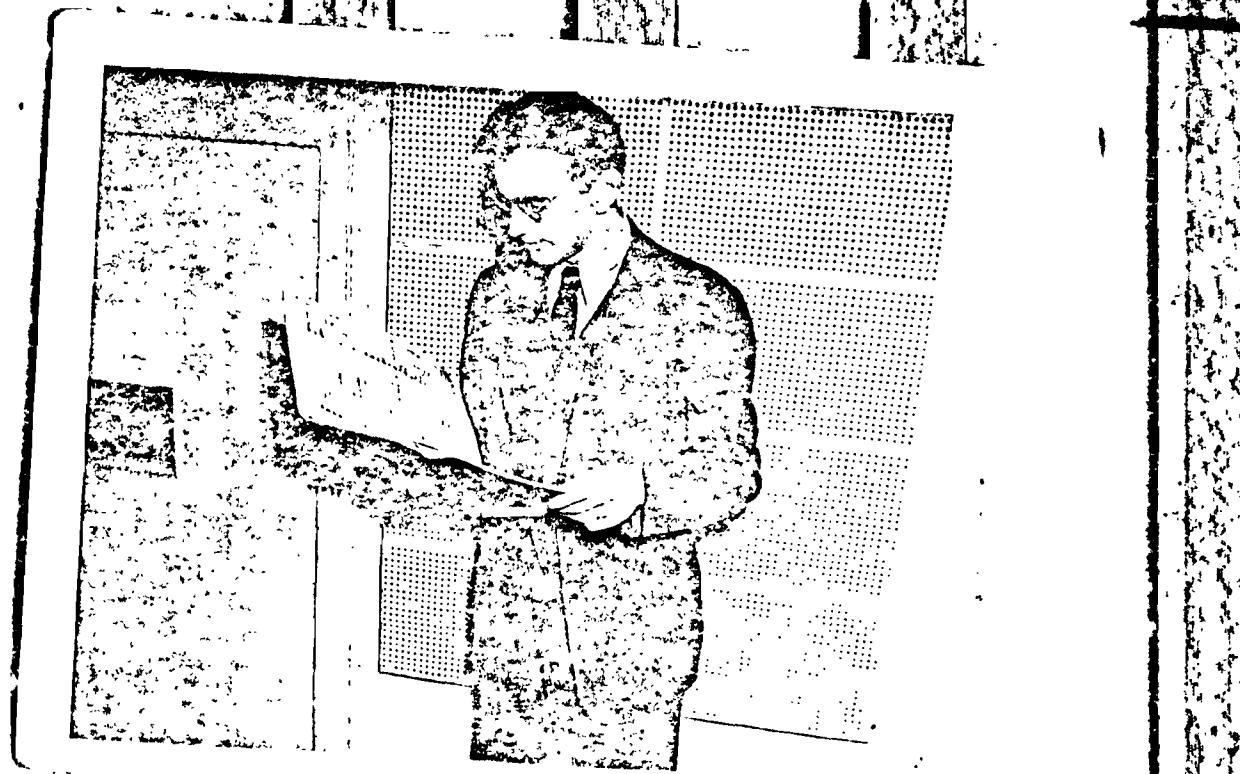
From A. Sarant
(Name of contributor)
Debaudry
(Address of contributor)

By
(Name of Special Agent)
To Be Returned Yes
No

Description:

14 photos
65-1664 ~~44~~ ~~AC~~ ~~(1)~~
1994

7-20-50
#9



EARL ROBINSON

CREDIT MUST BE GIVEN:

NYA 2723-6 YOUTH WORKSHOP

(National Youth Administration for New York City)
265 West 14th Street, N. Y. C.

Subject:

Balls for Americans

Location:

Radio Workshop

Date:

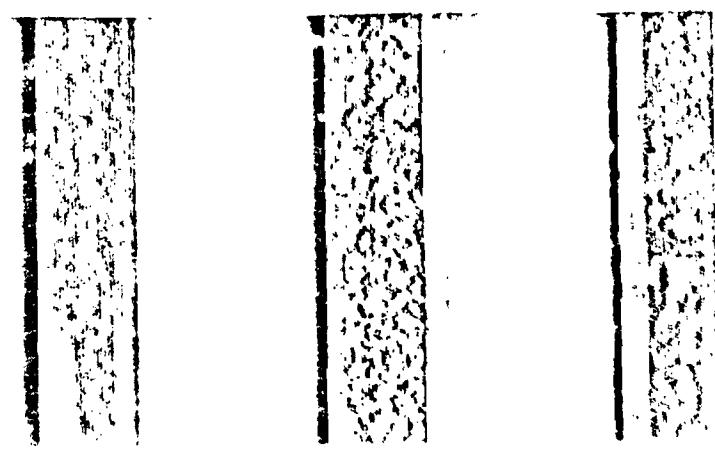
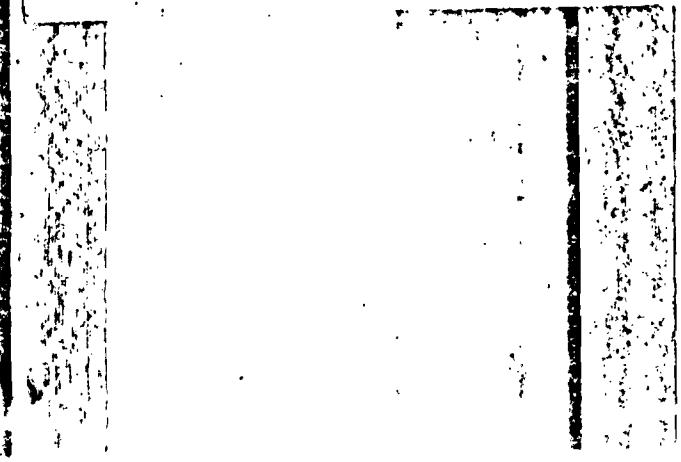
File # 2723-6

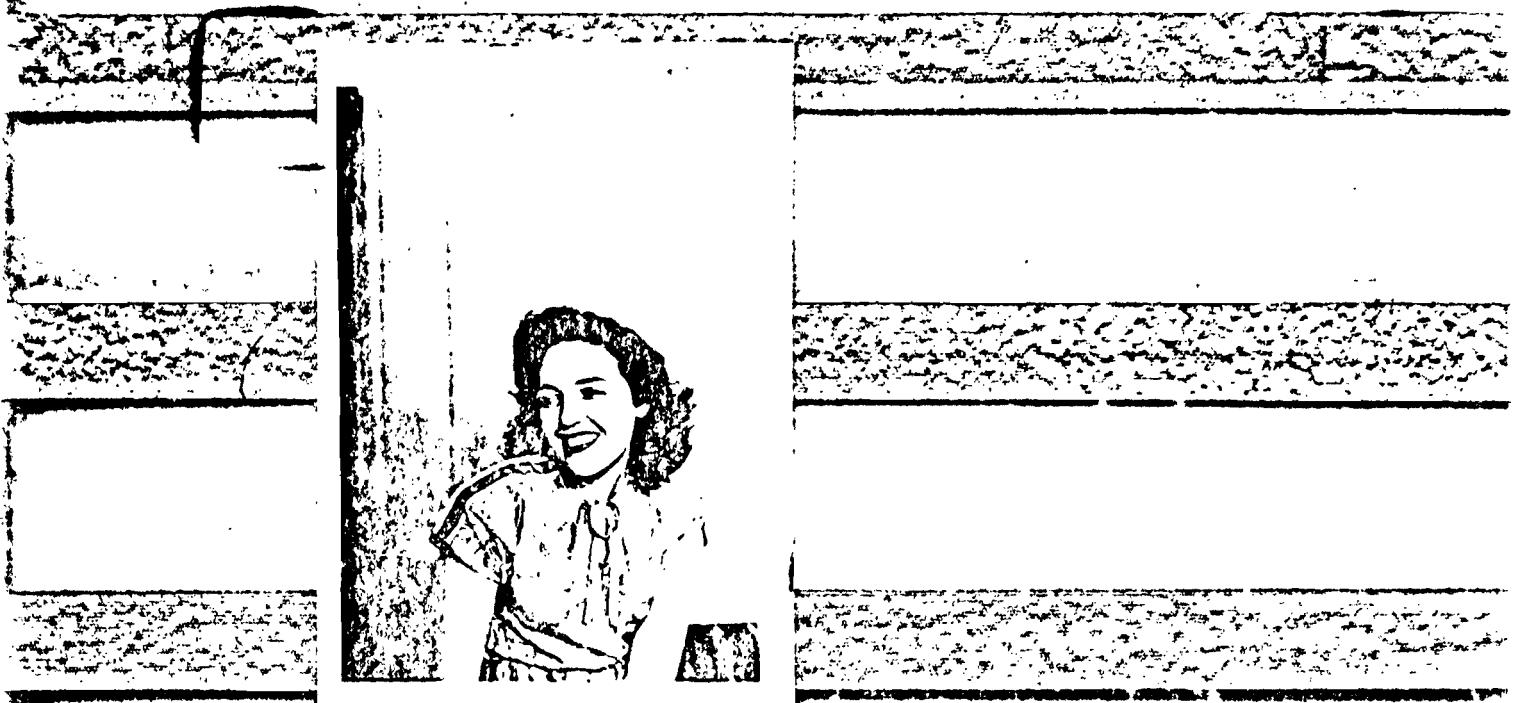
Photographer:

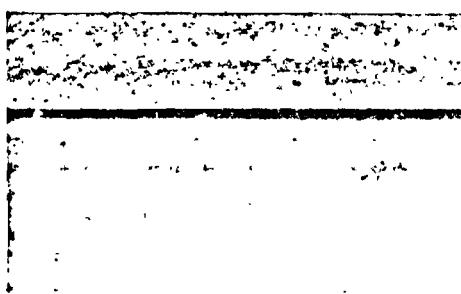
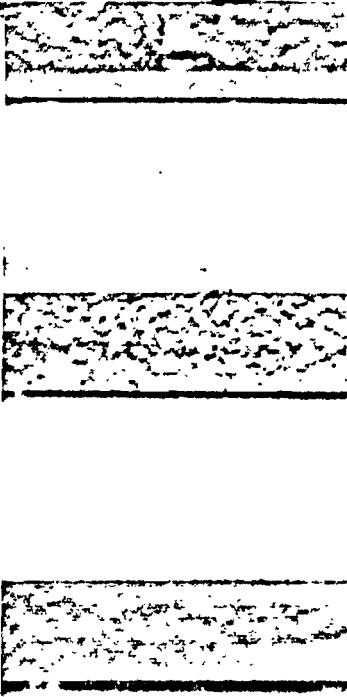
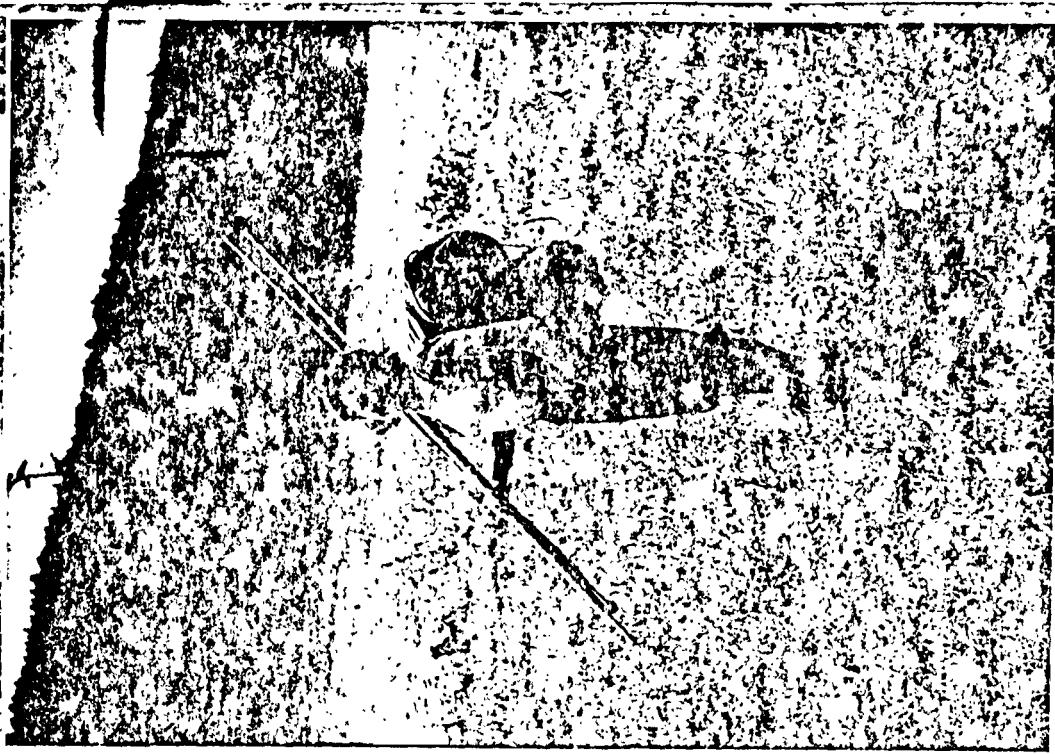
65-1664-1A94

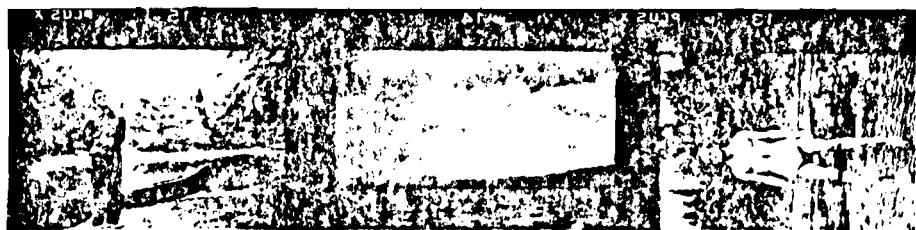
Eagle





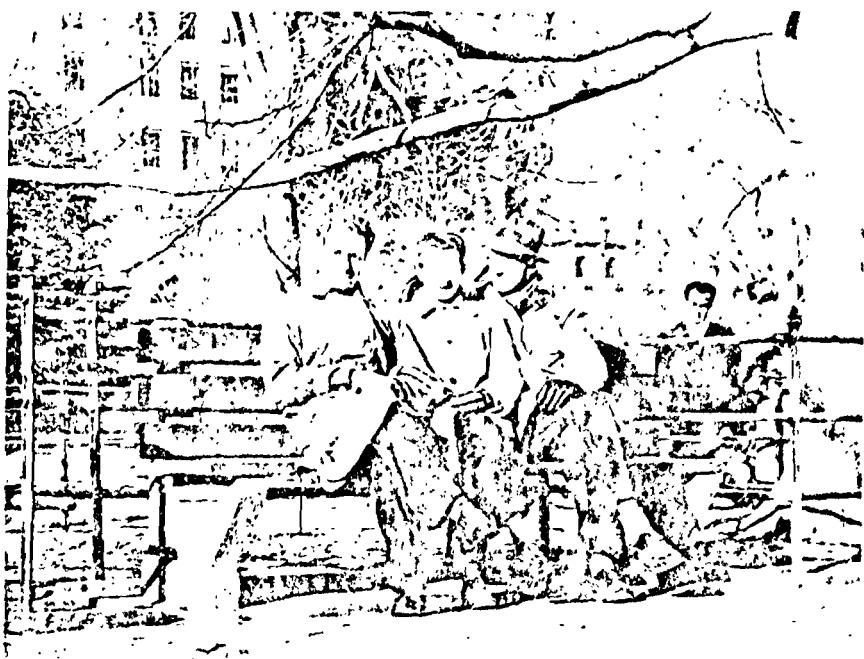












MAX FINE STONE

100 mg

65-1664-1094

Date Received 7-20-50

From A. Savant

(Name of contributor)

Albion NY

(Address of contributor)

By _____

(Name of Special Agent)

To Be Returned Yes

No

Description:

1-5 page letter dated 10-4-49 signed "Batch" # 19
(Betty Sandra).
~~65-11664~~ ~~100-67~~
File No. 65-11664 1A95

7/25/50

19

Oct 4-1949

Dearest Pussycat



Before you throw up at the note paper - be happy that this will be a long + exciting letter. Perhaps if I hadn't been given this about 15 minutes ago by a horrible young wives organization I wouldn't have had the final impetus to put all this on paper. The gold flicks are hard on the eyes, and so I've just finished to put on the glasses. Hope I last as long as the stories!

Starting somewhere with Frecklehill number one, before which I was busy and lonely and not making any money. People's Artists presented the concert. About forty young boys were asked to go up a little early to usher + be tough in case of a little trouble. The concert area was in wide field the only entrance of which was ~~was~~ dirt road! About a hundred

odd girls, women & kids got in early for some reason or other & then the forty guys (including my brother). Very shortly thereafter a large group of 3 or 4 hundred organized "veterans groups" blocked the road, forbade anyone else to enter & tried to attack those already in. They burned a cross, threw the music in the fire, broke up hundreds of chairs, for which we are being sued and then started an organized battle to attack those already in the concert area. Those forty boys of ours held the road for two & a half hours against the four hundred guys who came prepared with rocks, bats, & broken bottles. Our guys stood seven abreast with linked arms to hold the road. When the first line couldn't take it anymore, they'd fall back & the next would step in. In the meantime,

Thousands of cars were jammed up on the road from Peekskill. Robeson never got there though he wanted to proceed on foot. Fortunately Patterson stopped him. It's pretty well agreed that of those bastards had seen him Paul would have been murdered. And it is also fact that they (and I mean the many "heys" all over the country) are still trying to murder him, for two and a half hours, they our boys fought for their lives - and of course no sign of police. Later a couple of troopers came & broke it up. (Bobby says he'd swear with no doubt that the Sheriff who came with the troopers had been swinging a bottle against us just a short while before.) It turns out that for two weeks prior to the concert, the Peekskill papers were

inciting this thing & promising that no police protection would be needed or sent. This was, of course, a go ahead signal. Among the vets orgs who participated were the American Legion, Catholic Vets, Protestant Vets and VFW + Jewish vets. Some of the Jewish vets made public but anonymous statements afterwards saying that they were shocked when they heard "Rise" as often as "nigger" screamed out. But in spite of that there was a contingent of Jewish vets participating in the second riot.

Concert no. 2 was to be a cinch. We could no longer count on police protection. (But we had our own. By 10 A.M. we had 10,000 union men guarding the new concert bowl. They were lined up at arms length for miles on the road & they surrounded the bowl,

They were also hidden in the hills behind. This was a real battle tactic, but by noon, we knew we'd won. There were 20,000 concertgoers & 10,000 guards. The ~~padding~~ 1,000 ~~paraders~~ with their brass band looked silly. The concert went on that afternoon and our police protection consisted of a few planes buzzing overhead to try to drown us out. But Robeson sang & he sang louder than ten planes, and the 30,000 people who screamed & applauded for him would have drowned out the whole air force.

And then we started to leave. The police held us up for an hour and a half while the hoodlums mobilized & got their boulders in position. And then they let us out. Slowly one by one, we were allowed to drive out on the dirt road. It started

immediately. There were only a thousand of them & there were several thousand troopers, militiamen, local & state police, watching & grinning, helping and occasionally clubbing a handy negro. Our discipline was just thrilling. If anyone of us had fought back, had thrown a boulder back at them or had tried to run a car into them, we'd have been shot by the police.

Boots tells a typical story of driving out in Peter's jeep which held Pete, who was driving, Josh & the two kids, Boots & Greta, Takashi & three other people. They huddled on the floor as much as possible & listened to the sickening thud of rocks on the metal sides. And then came the first crash through glass. Greta got hit on the forehead & when he looked up in a matter of a fraction of a second

she was completely covered with blood. He thought her eye was gone. Pete stopped at one of the frequent road blocks that had been conveniently set there by the police & opened the door to ask a cop where a hospital was. Without even looking at the hospital was. Without even looking at Pete he waved his billy & yelled "Move On!" There were two women who had brought beach chairs so that they could sit on the road & watch & they pointed in at Greta & laughed & slapped their thighs.

So that's the story, but multiplied by the 4,000 cars & buses. We've made thousands of heroes. All the people who drove the cars out, plus the dozens of guys who stole buses, when the drivers didn't dare (my brother again) plus those who came ~~back~~ again to act as ambulances.

And the stoning continued every few minutes half way in to N.Y. One bus which finally let out at 210th St, was stoned there.

I'm getting awfully tired so I'll finish briefly. Of course there were many mass meetings. And telegrams by the 10s of thousands poured in to Dewey to demand investigation. We got (People's Artists) a very frightening threatening letter from the K.K.K. thanking us "red niggers" for helping them to secure membership. Our delegations were not seen. And Dewey promised an investigation — of those who put on the concert. So that's us and the C.R.C. for whose benefit we did it & the unions & organizations who sponsored it. So along with those people,

5-

I will, as chairman of P.A.
be called to a grand jury hearing
promised some time in October.
I'm afraid it's real soon because
the jury was impanelled this
morning.

I'm only a little scared. Somehow the
thing had such tremendous impact & give us
such impetus to fight, and I have so many
people with me, that all I think about is
to be able to speak well enough. No
indictments come at a grand jury hearing only
afterwards maybe. As for me, I think I'm
pretty small fry.

And on top of all this I have fallen
in love. I feel just wonderful mostly
cause I can still do it. However it's
another impossible "love object" and tomorrow
we have our last dinner date. Can't tell

you much more because I find it
hard to write about. When I see you (when?)
I hope I won't feel sad anymore & it'll make
no more than interesting "over coffee" conversation.
But he's beautiful & warm & fun and twinkly
& you'd love him too & he loves me too really
which makes me real happy. Some day when
we can learn to talk to each other without
wanting more, I think we'll get to be friends
again.

If for any reason you want to show the
Perkotkill story part of this letter to anyone,
you may, without this last sheet. And
within a few days, please destroy the whole
thing because I might not be able to
say all these things to the Grand Jury.
Besides which, the day might be very soon
when it would be unwise to have this in
your house.

Bright & early I love you very much - This
is the last & write, even if I don't catch